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Death to Believers a Passage

T O

GLORY;

O R A N

ELEGIE

To the Memory of that hopeful and Religious Youth

James Curry,

Son to James Curry Merchant in Pentland,
Who dyed the 19 of January 1701, And of his
Age the 13th Year.

Iſa. 65. 20. The Child ſhall die an hundred years old.

*Matth. 21. 16. Out of the mouths of Babes and Sucklings
thou haſt perfected praiſe.*

ὅτι γὰρ φίλος Θεὸς ἀποθνῄσκει νεοῦς.

EDINBURGH,

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Advertisement

READER,

THese Lines at first were not designed to have come to you in Print, the Parents being averse from having them publick; yet partly by reason of the importunity of Friends, and such who had either Seen, Read, or Heard them: partly by reason of the vitiated Copies of the same in Write, wherein not only the Verse was corrupted, but the matter wronged; hath at length prevailed with them, to allow me to order the printing of them: if GOD be glorified, the Young encouraged to Religion, and the Old edified, I have my design and desire. Farewell.

*To the Memory of that hopeful Youth James Currie, Son
to James Currie Merchant in Pentland.*

O Cruel Death! can neither Youth nor Age,
Nor Grace, nor Virtue, stop thy furious Rage
Against poor Mortals? must we all lay down
Our Necks to thee, before we wear our Crown?
Could nothing stop thy all-devouring mouth,
Till thou hadst snatch'd from us this hopeful Youth?
Hadst thou no pity on his tender years,
His Fathers Sorrow, nor his Mothers Tears?
Inexorable Tyrant! was there none
Who old in sin, as well as days, were grown?
Was there no man, whose Life his burden is,
To take from hence, and spare a Boy like this?
Had thou no prickly Thistle down to tread;
That thou must pluck this Rose ere it was spread?
Some Children are their Parents shame and grief;
Here one turns Swearer, there's another Thief;
Here's an Adulterer, and there's another
Spare not to vitiate Sister, or his Mother:
Lo! Here's a Bankrupt, there's a drunken Sot;
Though parents starve, there's one regards it not:
There's Multitudes to sinful Lusts are slaves;
Where one does well, there are an hundred Knaves,
Who never think of God, nor of his ways;
Yet have a cup brim-full of healthful days.
Whereas this hopeful Son, this pleasant Soul,
Did from his Infancy in Troubles Roul.
A sickly Body, yet an healthful Mind,
Among the Sons of men is rare to find.
His Fathers Darling, and his Mothers Care,
Yet Death got his Commission not to spare:
But go and fetch him from his House of Clay,
His heavenly Soul must here no longer stay.
When no Medicaments could ease his pain,
When wise Physicians help was all in vain;

Then

Then with an heart compos'd, both quiet and calm,
 He gravely reads the nine and thirtieth Psalm ;
 With such a Christian, yet majestick Grace,
 As suited both his own and Parents case.
 'I'll mark my way : lest with my Tongue I sin,
 ' My mouth before the wicked I'll keep in.
 ' I was as dumb, and did my self restrain,
 ' From speaking good, but this increas'd my pain.
 ' My heart within grew hot, while I did muse
 ' The fire did burn, till I my speech did use ;
 ' The measure of my days, LORD to me show,
 ' That I thereby my Frailty well may know.
 ' My days are but an hand-breadth in Thine eye :
 ' Man at his best is wholly vanity.
 ' Most men are vex'd, and gather wealth in vain ;
 ' Yet doth not know, to whom it shall pertain.
 ' But now O LORD, my hope is set on thee :
 ' Forgive my sins, the fools scorn make not me.
 ' I was as Dumb, because this work was thine,
 ' Remove thy stroke, for by thine hand I pine.
 ' When for iniquity, LORD, thou art wroth,
 ' Thou wastes mans painted beauty like a moth.
 ' LORD, hear my cry, to pray'rs not silent be ;
 ' I sojourn, as my Fathers did with thee.
 ' O spare thou me that I may strength regain,
 ' Ere I go hence, and here no more remain.
 This day the way of all the earth I go ;
 Then, Father, for your Son, express no wo.
 I shall be well when all my pains are gone ;
 I am not in this Combat left alone :
 Nor shall ought burn, except it be my dross ;
 Though that consume it is no heavy loss.
 Then of all Friends in order takes his leave :
 Forbids his Mother for his Death to grieve :
 Or on the loss of such a Son to pore ;
 What could a Saint of eighty years do more ?
 What was his aim, what was his Exercise,
 What were his Trials and Difficulties,
 We guess, by what was written with his hand

'O that from wicked men we were set free ;
 'For all men have not Faith we daily see.
 'But yet the LORD is faithful, He who shall
 'Establish and me keep from Evils all.
 'The LORD my Heart into His Love direct,
 'That patiently for CHRIST I may expect.
 'And now to serve Thee, LORD, teach me the way ;
 'That Thy Commandements I may obey.
 'Refresh my thirsty soul, O holy LORD ;
 'To seek Thy Face Divine support afford :
 'And lead me throw the crooked Wilderness,
 'Without a fall, or stumbling more or less.
 'The LORD's a true God, and he can me lead
 'The straightest way to Christ my glorious Head.
 'Now let me serve Thee, and Thee wait upon ;
 'Observing still Thy Precepts every one.
 Me thinks I see him on Mount *Pisgah* stand
 Viewing the Mansions of *Immanuel's* Land :
 Disdaining now these Cottages below,
 Whence so much sin and sorrow dayly flow.
 Methinks, I hear him call Spectators thus,
 Could ye come here, and view Things Glorious ;
 Could ye your Souls mount on an Angels wing,
 And hear these *Anthems* I shall shortly sing ;
 Could ye but draw your breath in that sweet air ;
 Or hear Triumphant Hallelujah's there ;
 Ye then would go to GOD, and seek your pass,
 That ye might go and leave this sea of *Glass*.
 For since no rest on this dull Earth I find,
 Then farewell Friends, whom now I leave behind.
 Dear Father, Mother, Sister, Brethren all,
 I may not stay : my LORD doth sweetly call,
 And bids me come possess my Masters joy :
Rheumatick pains shall me no more annoy.
 Farewell Diseases, farewell Grief and Pain,
 I dy this day, that I may live again.
 Farewell all youthful Fancies, Childish Toyes ;
 Welcome these true and everlasting Joyes ;

Eternal Vision of that Holy One,
And Fellowship with these about his Throne :
Not only Vision, but close Union too,
Which long Eternity shall not undo.
It's hard *I find*, to fight against the Flood
Of Deaths assaults ; but yet the ground is Good.
Besides I have an All-sufficient Guide :
Immanuel's Land lyes on the other side.
It's there the Wicked from their troubling cease ;
It's there the wearie find sweet Rest and Peace ;
The Servant there is from his Master free ;
And Saints beyond the reach of injury.
No need of Faith, no need of Prayers there,
No need of watchfulness and tender Care
To keep the Heart from all its fond Distractions,
And Tongue and Hand from idle Words and Actions.
Though here a blink, a shadow, then a shower :
Our Lot seems sometime sweet, and sometime soure ;
Yet in that Land, whereof the Lamb's the Light,
Day can admit no interchange with Night.
There I shall sing and none my Musick spill ;
Of Heavenly Nectar I shall drink my fill ;
Mine Eyes shall see the beauty of the King ;
My Tongue to Him shall Hallelujahs sing :
Mine Ears, I think, already hear him say,
Rise up, my Love, my fair one ; come away.
I'll take thee in these *Quivisters* among,
Where thou shalt learn that loud triumphant Song
Of Angels, and that glorious Train of Saints,
Who now do sound my Praise without complaints.
His choice Perfume my *Smell* shall satisfy ;
His richest Odours yield a Fragrancy :
His sweetest Breath, blowing my Soul upon,
Shall give a Scent like Wine of *Lebanon*,
What can be more delightful to my *Taste*,
Than with my LORD to have a lasting Feast ;
To sit down with Him in that House above,
And in large Vessels ay drink of his Love ?

The Tree of Life unto me then shall be
Both *Food* and *Physick* thro' Eternity.
Why should my Father fret, or Mother mourn?
Because my Lord lets me no more sojourn,
Among the snares and sorrows here below.
For *I* believe though Deaths dividing blow,
And parting pull, my Soul and Body sever,
It shall not break his Love to me for ever.
To dy is but to wink, and then look up
And see my Lord with that *Salvation* *Up*,
And *Crown*, and *Palm* in sign of Victory,
Which I shall wear thro' all Eternity.
Then wher's thy Sting, O Death, thou conquer'd Slave;
Or wher's thy *Victory*, O rotting Grave?
Thou *Death*, no loss; thou *Grave*, no Damage brings:
Though in appearance melancholious things.
By Death, *I* take my leave of all the Earth.
By Death, begins my Joy and lasting Mirth.
By Death, *I* leave conversing more with Men.
By Death, *I* bid farewell to Grief and Pain.
By Death, *I* from Corruption am made free.
O what a blest exchange then must it be!
In stead of sinful Sights, a Sight of **GOD**;
In stead of transient Views, the sure Abode;
In stead of fearful Doubtings, and Debate,
And questionings about my future State,
And interest in my Lord, *I* there shall have,
The clearest, fullest Sight that *Sense* can crave.
In stead of Burdens of Affliction,
Which in this Lite hath made me dayly groan,
With in few Hours, my Soul shall be possesst
Of blessed Ease and everlasting Rest.
In stead of Jarrs, Division and Dissension;
Unchristian Jealousies, Envy, Contention,
Back bitings, hellish Hatred and Deceit,
Revenge, Defection both in Church and State,
Oppression, Whoredom and Idolatrie,
Revolt from God, and cuist Apostacy:

All these I leave on Earth, and come to Thee,
O *Three in One*, and undivided *Three*.
I go to GOD in whom all Joys con-center,
And to that Land where Sin shall never enter.
My Head expects that Crown of lasting Bayes.
My Tongue expects to sound his lasting Praise.
O all ye Angels! each created Spirit,
Your help to Praise I solemnly invite.
Ye who do serve poor young Salvations Heirs,
At his Command extol your God and theirs.
Ye who confirmed are, and cannot fall,
Whose Ministry conveys the Souls of all,
Who reach that City, whose Foundations
Are garnished with all these precious Stones,
Of *Jasper*, *Saphir*, and the *Chalcedon*,
The *Emerald*, *Sardonix* and *Sardius* Stone,
The *Beryl*, *Topaz*, *Jacinth*, *Chrosylite*,
Amethyst, *Chrysophrasus*; I you invite
To write Psalm-books to celebrate his Fame:
Express your Love, and magnifie His Name.
Sun, Moon and Stars, and each created thing,
The Glory of your great Creator sing.
Ye Fowls, and Fishes, Birds, and every Beast,
Ye Insects from the Greatest to the Least,
Ye Hills and Valleys, Craggy Rocks and Mountains,
Ye Wells and Rivers, all ye Brooks and Fountains.
Ye fruitful and ye barren Trees, ye Flowers,
Ye piercing Colds, ye Heat and softning Showres;
Ye stormy Winds, ye crashing Claps of Thunder;
Collect your Strength, behold, admire and wonder,
And praise His Name; again, I say, conspire,
All Compounds of Earth, Water, Air and Fire,
And sing the Praises of that Holy ONE,
Who gave you Beeings, yet did owe you none;
Whose bounty you from nothing did extract,
And Power to that same Mother turns you back.
I know you cannot give Him formal Songs;
For this to Beeings rational belongs:

Yet in a manner, as become your Natures,
 Shew forth His Praise who made you Noble Creatures:
 His Deeds commend the Doer, we may see;
 Though all created Tongues should silent be.
 Let all that Heaven contains, His Praise begin;
 Yea let the Earth Him praise, and all therein:
 Let Art and Nature, yea, let Strength and Skill,
 Let Tongues, Hearts, Instruments both loud and shrill,
 Both Things above, and also Things beneath,
 Not cease to praise Him, while they have a Breath.
 Let every thing that lives His praise endeavour.
 O praise the Lord, and bless His Name for ever.
 But chiefly ye who His Redeemed are;
 It you becomes his Glory to declare:
 Not only did He give you Life and Breath,
 But bought you from that Floud of lasting Wrath.
 Ye who, by Nature, as great Sinners were,
 As are in Hell, and curse him dayly there;
 Ye who by *Adams* first Transgression fell;
 Ye Sons of Death, and Heirs of Wrath and Hell;
 Ye Clods of painted Clay, whose grievous guilt
 Made Jesus suffer till his Blood was spilt;
 Ye who are standing now about His Throne,
 Cast down your Crowns, give Him the Praise alone,
 Who made you clean, by washing in his blood:
 It was for you He under Vengeance stood:
 It was for you He did Mans Nature take;
 He suffer'd Shame and Sorrow for your sake.
 Ye who of perfect Knowledge have your fill,
 Who now do see the reason of that *Will*
 That saved you, when others were let go:
 O praise and wonder that it should be so.
 Who can but wonder! notwithstanding Sin,
 God did not leave all Mankind lost therein.
 When Justice call'd upon Him to pursue,
 And damn Rebellious Man, as he is *True*,
 And threatned had, That he should guilty be
 When he should eat of that forbidden Tree:

Mercy inclin'd poor laps'd Man to save,
But *Justice* will a satisfaction have :
And Gods all other Attributes then came
To wait on *Justice*, and to speak the same ;
His *Wisdom* said, that it no reason saw
Why Sin should null or abrogat the Law.
It sounds as harsh to punish mans offence,
As cherish Vice or punish Innocence.
His Majesty was so concern'd therein,
God must it vail, or else must punish Sin.
It's unbecoming for a God so great,
With such presumptuous Rebels more to treat.
Defiled Dust, and worthless Worms, go hence
And reap the woful fruits of your offence.
Yet *Mercy* pleads for favour and compassion
To poor offending Man, for his Transgression.
When *Mercy* one thing, *Justice* crys another :
Let all created Wits consult together,
And find a *Mean*, where both Extreame shall meet :
But this requires a Wisdom Infinite,
To make so far divided Parties One :
Our blessed Jesus then was pitch'd upon,
To be a Prophet, teaching us His will ;
To be a Priest, and his own Blood to spill ;
To be a King, his Subjects home to lead ;
To be an Advocat, their Cause to plead ;
To be a Vine, whereon such Imps might grow ;
To be a Rock, lest Waves us overflow ;
To be the Captain of Jehovah's Hosts,
To save his People from th' insulting beasts
Of Enemies, and such as would us swallow ;
To be a Shepherd, whom we are to follow ;
To feed and lead, and lift us when we fall ;
Yea, in a word, to be our *All* in *All*.
O for a fruitful Fancy ! Words at will !
O for the Tongue of Angels ! and a Quill
Drawn from the Wings of these seraphick fires ;
To be attendant of these sacred Quires,

That I durst hear, write, and report again
What things are seen among the Heavenly *Train* ;
How Angels praise, and yet desire to pry
Into the *Abyss* of that Mystery
Of God Incarnate ; wond'ring how he can
Be very God, and yet a very Man.
Such knowledge is too high for us below :
God vails such things lest Mortals should them know ;
Who have them seen are not allow'd to tell.
But now a word to Friends, and so farewell.
Ye who now wander throw the Vale of Tears,
Whom Misbelief surrounds with doubts and fears,
Unconstant Joy, but yet with constant sorrow ;
Lift up to day, again cast down to morrow ;
Keep Faith and Love in tender exercise :
These mixt with Zeal make pleasant Sacrifice.
Consider Friends, what Faith have done of old :
What *Paul* hath of it to the *Hebrews* told,
When tuning up Confessors Elogie,
Faith was the chiefest Note, as ye may see:
It's true, I grant, these were Examples rare
Of noble Hero's, few can now compare
To *Barak*, *Jephtha*, or to *Gideon*,
To *David*, *Samuel*, *Samson* or to none
Of all these Witnesses, that noble cloud,
Who in their day resisted unto blood,
And by their Faith did wonders. I confess,
Obtain'd the Promises, wrought Righteousness,
Stopped the mouths of Lions, and did quench,
By Faith, the force of fiery Violence ;
By Faith, they have the edge of Sword escaped,
By Faith, have strength out of their weakness reaped,
By Faith have waxed valiant in the Fight,
And Armies of the Aliens put to flight.

F I N I S.

In placidum Obitum præstantissimi ac optimæ spei Viri-juvenis, Jacobi Currai, qui fatis cessit 19 Januarii 1701. An. Ætatis 13. Anpo: 1701

*I*am tibi securam posuit Deus, undiq; sedem
*A*c favor Æthereus prospera cuncta dedit.
*C*ernis in aprico, Quem antea tantum in umbra;
*O*mni si requiem fas sit adire tuam!
*B*asia nunc jungis, nitidis libata libellis,
*U*t liber a metu possis habere vitam.
*S*cilicet Omnipotens discindit stamina vitæ;
*C*ur non, jure potest, newerat ille prius.
*U*Tiq; relinquis socios, & sanguine junctos,
*R*ecuperas alios haud tibi ante notas
*R*egnas, triumphas, nunc audis æquæsa p[re]la
*Æ*terni laudes Regis in ore habes
*U*tque mater filium nuper destituit ademptum;
*S*odalis requiem, Calites ita canunt.

*Marens licet absentibus musis non
 potuit non apponere.*

J. K.

Acrostick on his Name.

JEHOVAH lets thy holy Soul now see,
 A ll that for Saints above prepared be.
 M y thoughts are shallow ! can no further go,
 E xcept to wonder, and believe it so,
 S in can no more procure thy harm or wo.

C an any tell thy pleasures now above,
 U ntill he from these Kedars tents remove:
 R aisd expectations fed thy Christian life;
 R est now from labour, joy in stead of grief.
 I would lament Thee, were it not that I
 E xpect to see thee to Eternity.

Another Acrostick:

Jehovah	Just and	Jealous was thy	Joy
A mong	Afflictions	Alwise, though	A boy.
Mild,	Modest,	Manful wast thou,	and yet Meek
E ngaged	Early,	Endless life t'	Expect.
Sincerely,	Singly didst	thy Saviour	Seek.
Cheerful &	Constant,	Could not	Circumvent;
U nfeigned,	Upright,	Up and	Upward bent;
R eligious,	Real,	Ready to	Retain;
R eading and	Reason	Rightly dist	Remain;
I ntire and	Innocent	In	Infant toys,
E xpecting	Endless	Easethou now	Enjoys.

Epitaph.

STay, Passenger, a word or two with thee;
 Death strikes the young, as well as old, we see,
 His Reliques here ly, in this Dormitory,
 Whose Soul we trust, now sings his Masters glory.
 This Hope doth make his Friends from grief refrain;
 That Soul and Body shal unite again,
 No more to sin, no more to sigh or dy;
 But live and sing GODS praise Eternally.



